UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THE LOOM OF TIME

Swift as a weaver's shuttle
Truly and quickly cast,
Every day is woven
Into the silent past;
Into the wondrous fabric
Go all the love and hate—
All in a fadeless pattern,
Lasting and intricate.

Here there are strands of beauty—
Kindness has lent its gold;
There we see barren places,
Sullen and dull and cold.
All of our clouds and sunshine,
All of our joy and pain,
Leap from the flying shuttle,
Full to the waiting chain.

Thus do the days go from us,
Thus does the weaver bind
Into a blended picture
All that we leave behind;
Ready with flying shuttle,
Lever and loom and thread,
For all the coming actions—
For all the days ahead.

So may we look behind us
Through all the web of days,
Seeing our good and evil
Blent in its endless maze.
Purple and gold and crimson
Vie with the sodden black—
Whether of pride or sorrow,
We may not have it back.

Swift as a weaver's shuttle
Day hastens on to day—
Always the fabric changes,
Always the colors play.
Now with a gloomy shadow,
Now with a glow sublime—
So go the deathless records
Into the loom of Time.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

The Editors Edited

It may be a service to our readers if we print the result of several hours' study over the more than blanket sheets of the daily papers that print the retrospect of the year in a manner to challenge the admiration of every intelligent reader. Perhaps organization after all reaches its highest perfection in the office of a great metropolitan newspaper,—we should rather say in the offices of great metropolitan newspapers, for there is an inter-journalism, a co-operation among rivals, a combination among editors that is as subtle as it is effective. But the very efficiency of this mighty news machine threatens to crush the intellectual life, if not the industrial and social life of the victims who try to keep within hailing distance of the newspaper.

What do these newspapers say in their annual review through the numbers which lie before us? One of our Chicago dailies modestly prints under its Thirtieth Annual Review the suggestion that it is the "greatest newspaper in the world," and we know not why we should not take its word for it except that so many of its rivals also rest in that complacent assurance. Be that as it may, these mind-crushing columns of figures tell the story that needs to be reduced to words of one syllable for the benefit of the undeveloped brain of the simple-minded common citizens such as we represent.

It is interesting to know that Bradstreet has found out that there are some 300,000,000 less bushels of corn in last year's crop than in the preceding year in the United States, but then there were 2,551,488,000 bushels raised last year, notwithstanding the 12 per cent decrease. There was 21 per cent decrease in the oats and 3 per cent decrease in the wheat crop. And so on down the line of agricultural products. But there was 20 per cent increase of cotton, 10 per cent increase of sugar, and 8½ per cent in the values of the reduced crops. There we are! Who can tell whether we are better or worse off at the end of 1911 than we were at the end of 1910? The hog and mutton packing in Chicago was bigger this year by some eight millions, the beef packing by over four millions. There were three million dollars' worth more butterine made and about a million more dollars' worth of sausage. Happily the dry goods and carpet trade fell down some twenty millions in Chicago. Who were the sufferers thereby? The grocery income increased ten millions. There were about four hundred thousand dollars' deficit in the glove trade of Chicago last year, and three million dollars' increase in the liquor and wine trade. Not much improvement in tobacco and cigars, but carriage and wagon trade barely held its own. A million and a half represents the increase in the automobile market, and the cut-flower trade only improved about $80,000.

Notwithstanding this depression in farm products and the fewer number of gloves sold, life on the whole seems to have been more endurable during 1911 than the preceding year. For there were three hundred and sixty-six less suicides this year than last. Only 12,242 people in the United States found life intolerable last year, and they hastened themselves

out of the world. There is significance in these figures though we do not know what it is, that show that about twice as many men lost their courage as women, and that the physicians, whose business it is to make life endurable, head the list of suicides. Perhaps it is because they would not take their own medicine; twenty-seven of them last year took the short-cut route, but there were fifty-one in 1910. Among the professional men the preachers came next in the list of the malcontents with life,—thirteen of them,— but there were nineteen bankers and brokers who could not stand the strain. Ill health carried away, according to these figures, 1,341, while despondency carried away 6,114. The daily papers give weary columns of the names of these cowards. Let there be more courage injected into the life of 1912.

It is encouraging to learn that there has been less public dishonesty in 1911 than in 1910. Last year there were but $10,000,000 put down to the account of forging and bank-wrecking, against $12,000,000 of the year before. Nearly one-half of this thievery has been put down to the credit of bankers.

The lynching column is encouraging. The lynchings of a quarter of a century are before us. The maximum was reached in 1892, 255, the minimum in 1908, 60. Nineteen hundred eleven counts but seventy-one, three less than the year before. Of these seventy-one victims, sixty-four were colored, one of them a woman, and Georgia heads this gruesome list, having nineteen victims to its credit. Newspaper insinuations and public acceptation to the contrary notwithstanding, only nineteen of the seventy-one of these victims are charged with crimes against women, and six of these were only for insults offered, and one of them for wife-beating. Most of the causes assigned were murder. Is the police force of these states so inadequate, are the jails so insecure, the courts so inefficient that they cannot protect life in a better way?

The executions of the year, the legal murders, strangely tally with the lynchings. Only four more were hastened to death by law than by mobs, and of these, seventy-four executions, again Georgia carries off the palm. Twelve executions to nineteen lynchings. Is life so much safer and the sanctities so much better guarded in Georgia than in any other state of the Union?

"The Death Toll of Sport," so runs the title in our year's review. Seventy-eight killed and 2,700 injured on the fourth of July and other celebrations. Base-ball killed its thirty-one, football its thirteen, automobile racing ten, bicycling and motor-cycling seventy-five, twenty-three "didn't know it was loaded," thirteen "rocked the boat," and one hundred and fifty-one hunters were hunted to death by one another. Fourteen of them were mistaken for deer, and one poor fellow was taken for a rabbit. Michigan takes the lead in this sporting column, where twenty-three fun-seekers fell on the battle-line with the innocent deer. Wisconsin came next, losing thirteen, New York lost twelve.

The southern states have either better marksmen or more temperate hunters. Georgia spent its energy in hunting negroes and didn't kill a man for the sporting column.

"Martyrs of the Air," so runs the title. It requires a column by itself. The one aviator killed in 1908 has reached ninety-nine in 1911; one hundred and ninety-eight more or less seriously injured. France and the United States sacrificed twenty-six each. Eighteen out of the ninety-nine killed were army officers, mostly French and German. We approach reverently this list. Many of these men fell on the picket line of science. They blazed the way for future travelers through the air, which may yet become the highway least fraught with danger, and, at no distant future, perhaps the most economic.

What a gruesome story is crowded into this corner of the daily paper under the head of "Homicides in 1911"—8,272. This is 700 less than the year before. Human life destroyed by the wanton hand of fellow beings; one-half of them assigned to quarrels, eight hundred and fifty-six to liquor, seven hundred and forty-one to highway-men.

But how all these figures sink into insignificance in the presence of the startling count that even in 1911, which from our standpoint would seem to be a pacific year, 72,000 lives were lost in actual battle against 32,000 of the year before in the wars in China, Tripoli, Arabia, Morocco, Persia, Central Africa, and other far off dark places. Among these are the Philippines, which we proudly call "our possessions." Sixty-two lives weree slaughtereed there under the Stars and Stripes. Cholera claimed its 34,000 victims, mostly in Russia, China and India, and a toll of 72,000 was given to the plagues. In addition it is estimated that a million perished by famine, mostly in China.

But we cease lest UNITY should merit the condemnation of the annual review sheets of the daily papers for darkening the future with the depressing facts of the past. "Let the dead past bury its dead," is the Gospel note.

This is an inspiring sheet that lies before us, torn from the daily paper, entitled "Women in 1911." This year a woman has been appointed Examiner of Mints, a post next to that of Director of Mints. Uruguay has appointed a woman a member of its diplomatic staff at Brussels. A Welsh woman has served as a "Returning officer of an English election," whatever that may be. Kansas has a woman mayor, and two thousand Kansas women hold positions by the public gft. Five Colorado cities have women treasurers; one a woman auditor, besides two city clerks, one alderman, four members of the State Legislature. Wyoming has a woman in the House of Representatives, a woman superintendent of public

instruction, a woman county clerk, a woman justice of the peace, and, most significant of all, Poughkeepsie, New York, has a woman deputy-sheriff. Think of it! The law is to enforce its behests not at the point of a pistol but with the gloved hand of a lady. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young is no longer a curiosity, for women principles and superintendents are now found in forty-eight states of the Union. By State enactment this year, women teachers are to be paid the same salary as men for similar work in the State of New York. The Teachers' Association of London as well as of Wisconsin, has elected a woman president, and women presidents of colleges have grown too common to be matters of comment. Woman has at least reached full professorship at Cornell University. Norway has a woman member of Parliament. Sweden has held her first election under universal suffrage. Even the Sultan has received a deputation of Turkish women, reported as "Paris-gowned." Persia is agitating woman suffrage. A woman's paper is being published at Cairo by native women, the purpose of which is "to raise the condition of Moslem women, to educate them, to fit them to earn their livelihood, and generally to develop their standards of thought and intelligence." A woman has been appointed to complete the unfinished art-tasks of the lamented Abbey. A Scotch woman has penetrated deeper into the African Jungles than the American Nimrod, and she went not to kill innocent little deer but to gather botanical and entomological specimens.

But enough. We hope that at least we have helped put a little more meaning into the New Year's Daily. In turning over its numberless pages, do not overlook the Gift and Bequest exhibit, which tells of $126,499,918, $15,104,620 less than last year. About two-thirds of this sum was in donations, the rest was in legacies. All honor to the men and women who left to noble purposes what they could not take.

How these big sums stagger us! The detailed column has few items of less than five figures. But these figures need analyzing, they provoke questions so profound that only protracted research, expert sociologists and enlightened consciences can answer. Whence come these big sums? How were the millions accumulated? Do they leave behind them in the plethoric purses still more millions reserved for indulgences, extravagances, family pride, the bewitchment if not the demoralization of children? Have the benevolences also become aristocratic so that only the wealthy give? Do the people who must think in one, two, three or four figures, find shelter behind these millionaires, and do less and not more than they did in the old days? Are these mountainous fortunes balanced by the increasing anxieties and irritations of a poverty hard to bear? But we are not preaching a New Year's sermon in this editorial.

An Appeal to the Noble

The following graphic letter, painful in its plainness, pathetic in its helplessness, was written in Vienna by a social worker well known to Chicago to another social worker, a sister as well known, and we have asked the American sister the priviliege of printing the same in UNITY, hoping that the publication may at least multiply the number of hearts reached by the appeal, and per chance help touch the right springs that will move to action. If it does nothing else, we hope it will move a certain number of our readers who have not read the Baroness von Suttner's "Ground Arms," to do so. This book is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the war against war, a powerful story, so written that it appeals alike to the victims and the makers of war, the gentlemen in the "Cabinets," whose decrees bring on the wars which they seldom go to, and the poor workman in the shop who is not consulted, but who falls on the battle-line. He who reads "Ground Arms" will be glad to read on into the two-volume autobiography of the Baroness, which shows the sources of her inspiration and the justification of the same. There is no civic duty, no patriotic appeal, no religious claim more important to men and women in every station of life and in every part of the world today than this call to "war against war."

I am working with the Baroness von Suttner just now in an Emergency Committee to counteract the ravages of the Turco-Italian war. The press is so very much censored that the world does not realize what is going on over here. Cholera is creeping surely but slowly up into the other countries. Not a bit of protection is offered, and the Dreibund sees that it is better for business interests not to put a damper on Italian ports. With Austria and Germany greedy over Turkey, they may any minute slip into the conflict. Besides, the Vatican knows that its end is not very far distant unless Italy stays mixed up in a quarrel. Hence the church is saying "Godspeed" to the belligerents. There is no sign that war will cease while the treasury of this so-called spiritual institution is willing to pour itself out. The Americans do not sense this, at least their papers are silent. The Baroness is just returned from a week with the Queen of Roumania, who is working in every way, but since her husband is a cousin of the Emperor of Germany, her hands are tied, or rather her lips closed. She is, however, very sympathetic with the work of this Emergency Committee. Other keen workers are the Count Apponyi, Prince of Monaco, Alfred Fried, the gentleman who just won the Nobel prize for peace. They have asked me to be the American worker on this committee. Every strong hand and every sympathetic hand over here has a military shackle upon it. The Baroness is a member of the Executive Board of the Carnegie Fund, but that is an empty honor. She has made appeal after appeal to be laid by. She is helpless, and has put her all into the cause. She has barely enough to live on in her simple and single life. All that her books earn goes to the cause. No one responds to her here but a handful who are helpless in poverty, and a small set of royal friends, who dare not, except in secret. The practical, God-fearing women of America should rally around her leadership, and back her with money to fight this terrible trust, which makes war its business. If they could take this matter up and appeal to the entire Federation, now, today, and make it possible for the Baroness to publish broadcast the truth about this cholera-infecting war, it would go a great way toward coercing the powers, which have throttled publicity. The American woman awakened, this war will cease. The great hearts over here are like "infants crying in the night, and with no language but a cry." They are caught in the imperialistic agony, and are only allowed to attend ceremonials and lend honor to their superiors.

The Baroness knows every diplomat in Europe, and the Peace cause was really cradled and almost born in her arms. She is the one and only person who could get behind the whole wicked scheme, and press the issue to a finish. She would have the advice in secret of every prominent statesman, and their co-operation. But she must have funds. Think the matter over and write me, or wire me if any immediate action might be taken. Remember the Emergency Committee as it now stands acts under the supervision of the Baroness direct, who is the president of the Federated Peace Societies of Europe. Her own personal might is the entirety of it. And she sits today and can only weep over the immense problem as it looms up before her in a correspondence which rolls in its appeals every day in hundreds of letters from the seat of war activity. I have cheered her. I told her that I believed that the American women would work with her, if they only realized. I am writing you this on her request. Your personal presentation is worth more than letters, since you were over here and saw all the savagery and impossibility ahead of the race if the two southern peninsulas let loose the dogs of war and cholera. That is the scare-word which none of us dare breathe over here, but that word alone should arouse the women of America. The Austrian women are specially gay just now, dancing and decking themselves. What do they care,—war means promotion and glory to them, and if the pestilence comes, they can pack up and run. Only the children of the poor are wiped out.

TODAY

The times are not degenerate. Man's faith
Mounts higher than of old. No crumbling creed
Can take from the Immortal Soul the need
Of that Supreme Creator, God. The wraith
Of dead beliefs we cherished in our youth
Fades but to let us welcome new-born Truth.

Man may not worship at the ancient shrine,
Prone on his face, in self-accusing scorn.
That night is past. He hails a fairer morn,
And knows himself a being all divine;
No humble worm, whose heritage is sin,
But born of God, he feels the Christ within.

Not loud his prayers, as in the olden time,
But deep his reverence for that mighty force,
That occult working of the great All Source,
Which makes the present Era so sublime.
Religion now means something high and broad
And Man stood never half so near to God.

E. W. Wilcox.

I THANK THEE, LORD

I thank Thee, Lord, for the harvest days, and the gathering of plenteous sheaves;
I thank Thee for the little successes that crown the labor of the year:
For home, and the loved ones who there abide:
For the few true friends whose joys and sorrows are as my own:
For strength and faith to conquer the trifling affairs of each passing day:
And more than all, I thank Thee, Lord, for the days of promise that are before me.

—*Ralph Lee.*

THE WORD

Speak to me, speak to me, waving spears of yellow grasses,
Speak to me, daisies and little yarrow-flowers,
For the wind ever sings you songs of wisdom as it passes,
And your heads are close to mother's breast through all the throbbing hours.

After her troubled centuries what word does mother say?
And the wind, eternal searcher of every land and sky?
Does aught of hope and joy blow down the breezes of today?
And in our mother's bosom is there life that does not die?

"Ah, yes, our mother whispers and our brother breezes sing
That love is life eternal and that beauty cannot fade,
That every withering winter speeds more splendors for the spring,
That God turns not His favor from the things that He has made.

—*Shaemus O'Sheel.*

THE PULPIT

Nineteen Hundred Eleven—The Annual Review

Sermon Delivered December 31, 1911, in All Souls Church, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

"Swifter than a weaver's shuttle" is the classic figure that represents the flight of years. The years are not so many beads strung by the hand of time, but sections of the continuous thread shot through the wraps of destiny. A year contributes but little in itself, but as the numbers of the years increase they constitute the fabric of history which eventually revals a tapestry figured with purposes and fraught with meaning. The human element in this loom of history seems to be but an insignificant part of the process for most of the time the human element seems to be working, like the old tapestry weavers, on the reverse side of the pattern. He knows not what the pattern may be or how the colors will blend; he is more worked upon than working. Herein lies the assurance,—may we not call it evidence?—that a power beyond, behind and above human sagacity or the ambitions and strivings of men and women, directs the shuttle, ordains the pattern, and somehow selects the colors?

It is an old custom in this pulpit, a habit, however vain, that I would not break, of spending a Sunday morning at the end of each year in a retrospect, a glance backward,—in the language of the counting-room, "taking account of stock," for the three-hundred and sixty-five days which were but as seconds in measuring the flight of the shuttle that persistently weaves the patterns of the centuries.

The Dead of the Year

The first impression in this retrospect is that of the vacancies. He who would contemplate from a high vantage ground the year 1911, finds himself standing among tombs and in the presence of vacant chairs. Many of these represent not only rich but long lives. Surely, the evidence is apparent that these human weavers are slowly learning to lengthen the days of their toil. The "three score years and ten" of Scripture measure are not now the limit of the utility or the joy to the race of a well-ordered life.

New Orleans has had for many years its "Angel of the Poor," a spiritual successor to Margaret, the benignant baker woman, whose statue decorates one of the parks, I believe the only out-door statue of a woman in this country. Sister Isadore, the "Angel of the Poor," ended her benignant ministry at eighty-five.

Sir Francis Galton, the great English scholar and author, reached eighty-nine.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart Phelps Ward, the author of "Jack," one of the greatest short stories in our language, the friend of the dog, the interpreter of the spiritual life, passed through the "Gates Ajar" or the verge of seventy.

Denman Thompson, the man who carried the "Old Homestead" into the heart of the city and made the mimic world of the stage redolent with family joys and fireside loyalties, reached the threshold of four score years.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, chivalric soul, kept house in the tenement of clay for eighty-seven years and kept up a song to the end. He went to every good war he heard of. "Colonel" was the title that graced his pacific missions. Well might the sword-bearer carry the Eagles, for he bore them at the head of the first regiment ever organized out of slaves, demonstrating thereby that chattel contrabands of war could be converted into citizens. Prophet, poet, reformer, friend, champion of women and advocate of peace, his ear was ever alert to catch the notes of the Bugle which he celebrated in his favorite poem:

I blew, I blew, the trumpet loudly sounding;
I blew, I blew, the heart within me bounding;
The world was fresh and fair; yet dark with wrong,
And men stood forth to conquer at the song
I blew, I blew, I blew.

The field is won; the minstrels loud are crying,
And all the world is peace; and I am dying.
Yet this forgotten life was not in vain;
Enough if I alone recall the strain
I blew, I blew, I blew.

Sir William Gilbert, the minstrel who touched his lyre with a merriment that was sweet and innocent and pure, the author of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado," reached his seventy-fifth year.

Hiram Corson, the interpreter of poetry to successive generations of students at Cornell, the great American expositor of Robert Browning, the loved oracle of the ideal in this age of convention and exploitation of things, reached his eighty-second year.

Eugene F. Ware reached seventy years. He figured long and well in the public life of Kansas, and filled offices of trust in Washington. Put all this service in one balance of the scales and put the single poem in the other, his "Madonna of the Tub," and the editor, the office-holder, the pioneer are out-weighed.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With the scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I should not wish to strip
From the washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

Over across the water, Johannis Martin Schleyer, the dreamer who sought to hasten the age of universal brotherhood by the installation of an international language, reached his eighty years and ceased his work. Volapuk may be a thing of the past, but the purpose that inspired it is growing.

Joseph Perry, the Utah pioneer, who is known as the "Father of Irrigation," the latest extension of the resources of earth, lived to reach his eighty-sixth year.

Josef Israels, the great Dutch painter, reached his eighty-seventh year.

John H. Osborne, one of the great reaper makers, died at seventy-nine.

Dr. James C. Hepburn, the first medical missionary to Japan, reached his ninety-sixth year and then went "on."

The oldest Alumnus of Yale College, Judge Hedges of New York, reached ninety-four years.

Dr. John Bascom, the great teacher who for fifteen years moulded the growing life in the growing University of Wisconsin to permanent ideals, lived on, a benignant element in the Academic life of America to his eighty-fourth year.

Henry Broadhurst, the great English labor leader, lived to seventy-one.

Ida Louise Wilson, the more than Grace Darling of America, who kept the light bright in the light house on the rocks and saved so many lives, passed on at eighty-two.

Daniel Drawbaugh, who claimed to be the original inventor of the telephone, lived to eighty-four.

Professor John C. Freeman, the much suffering but ever cheerful teacher of English in the University of Wisconsin, reached his three score and ten, and our own Fernando Jones, whose life began with the history of Chicago, died at ninety-one. And lastly, America's Grand Old Man, John Bigelow, who ennobled all vocations, a citizen who died in the fullness of his manhood at ninety-four.

But not all the vacancies recall those who reached the fullness of years that is the physical as well as the spiritual right of the active. Sam Walter Foss, eminent as a librarian, more eminent as a poet of rustic life, was cut short in his benignant career at fifty-three in spite of his theory that disease does not exist and matter is not.

Tom L. Johnson, a genuine lover of his kind, in whose heart breathed a pure flame of patriotism, reached but fifty-seven.

Our own John H. Vanderpoel, who for thirty years was a teacher in our Art Institute, died in his youth at fifty-three.

Edwin A. Abbey, the great American artist, the painter of the Knights of the Round Table, died at forty-nine.

Chicago's most successful author, Myrtle Reed, stayed with us but thirty-seven years.

William Elroy Curtis, the man who made the daily paper the vehicle of literature and the correspondence column of college lectureship, lived but sixty years.

St. Louis developed a great librarian in Frederick Morgan Crundun, and lost him at fifty-four, and the same city developed the greatest newspaper man of America, Joseph Pulitzer, who died at sixty-four.

But the roll is too long to be called and grows too tender for utterance. The year cannot be measured by its necrology. Not the closed lives but the living issues which they serve must measure the contribution of 1911 to 1912.

The Book Harvest

It has always been my delight at these annual reviews to confess my indebtedness to the fruit of the press and to venture to commend to you some of the books that have comforted, strengthened and delighted me. Happily the task becomes less and less necessary as it becomes more and more presumptuous. The daily press and the magazines, to say nothing of

the half-dozen or more literary journals, now delight in doing effectively what a score or more years ago was left to the adventure of the pulpit and the teacher.

I cling to the belief that poetry is a permanent necessity and a continuous inspiration of life. I hope the few enthusiasts are right who insist that there is as much and as good poetry being published today as ever before. Nevertheless, a profound sense of bereavement overtakes me. O for the inspiration, the consolation that came forty years ago from Lowell and his star-bright contemporaries; thirty years ago from the poetry of Emerson, George Eliot and Matthew Arnold; twenty-five years ago from Browning, who touched with a master hand all the lute strings in the soul. Are there now any successors to Whitcomb Riley, Bret Harte or even Kipling, the wizard of rhymes? I hope so. Let us try to find them.

The fiction market has certainly been crowded with stories short and long, and the novel reader has been kept busy, over busy, in trying to keep his head above this turgid tide of printer's ink. I congratulate him who has been able to select wisely out of this flood. Certainly there is inspiration in the writings of Galsworth, H. G. Wells, Maeterlinck and their associates who are trying to preach a social gospel from the only pulpit that commands the multitude in this age. Speaking for myself, Mary Waller's "My Rag Picker" is a prayer-meeting appeal to the soul, tender, hopeful and free from the blinding conventions of life. Jeanette Mark's "The End of a Song" is indeed a home song to the simple, thought-surging life among the hills of Wales. "Jeremiah's Sammy" is the crude first venture by one who was touched with the grimness of the factory life of children in the South, no longer "sunny" to the victims of the loom. Charles Sumner Gabriel faded away in his apprenticeship, but this story remains to plead with us in the interests of the child. "The Long Roll," by Mary Johnston, the gifted author of "To Have and to Hold," is one of the prominent American novels of the year. In this story the loyal Daughter of the Confederacy has brought not only her genius but her patience and searching diligence into the task of rehabilitating the Grey Army under Stonewall Jackson. Nearly seven hundred pages reeking in gore, reverberant with the boom of cannon and the "Rebel yell." This glorification of the war spirit, this coronation of Stonewall Jackson, sad to say, comes from the hand of a woman. We hope there will be no more Stonewall Jacksons and that the need of such self-denying tyrants is passing.

In the realm of religion, economics and morals, the book-table of the year is rich. The story of the Nazarene, the Christ legend, is perennial. At least three, aye, four such books have come to my table. Professor Arthur Drews has by scholarly researches revived The Christ Myth theory and, with a learning which has compelled the attention of learned men, has tried to show that no historical Jesus was necessary to account for the Christ myth that grew out of the expectant heart of humanity.

Professor Weiss, of Heidelberg, dealing largely with the same material, has written of "Christ, The Beginning of Dogmas." "Six Discourses on the Divinity of Christ," by Professor Ames of our own University, "The Call of the Carpenter," by Bouck White, and Gerhart Hauptmann's "The Fool in Christ," are books that testify to the deathless charm of the glory of the Man of Nazareth. I spoke of the last two books in the Book Number of UNITY at more length than would be fitting here. Bouck White makes the sayings of Jesus tingle with the cause of the workman and the appeal of the down-trodden of today. Hauptmann's story tries to show what would happen to a man of today who was possessed of the mystic consciousness of the divine, the inspiring thought of Messiahship and a sense of incarnation,—the God within, which he finds to be the characteristic of the hero of the New Testament. Today as then, this "Fool in Christ" would be distrusted, silenced, cast out, disowned.

A new name has appeared in Philosophy, that of Professor Bergeson, of Paris. His "Creative Evolution" opens the way to faith and gives sanction on the basis of evolution to the hopes and trust of the soul. But that is a great story by itself, and before the year ends I hope to bring this man's message into this desk.

"The Priest," a tale of modernism in New England, is cast into the form of a story, but the novel is lost in the religious interest in the experiences of one who, under the inspirations of modern thought, beat his way out of the Church of Rome into the clearness and freedom of Unitarian Christianity or beyond. The author is unnamed in the book, but we know that it is none other than the William Sullivan, the renegade priest who so touched and thrilled us in the Theodore Parker anniversaries here on this platform and elsewhere. What this modern priest with an untrained hand has tried to do has been skillfully done by Mrs. Humphrey Ward in her interpretation of modernism in the Church of England in her last story, just out, "Richard Meynell."

Last year I took pleasure in commending Joseph Henry Crooker's study of "The Church of Today." This year I take pleasure in commending the sequel, "The Church of Tomorrow." Last year I put into the hands of every layman in my parish a copy of Mr. Crooker's book, "The Church of Today." If I had the assurance that such a giving of this book, "The Church of Tomorrow," would secure a reading, I should be glad to repeat the appeal.

Perhaps no book of the year carries more good science in simple statements, or more practical sense expressed with literary charm, than David Starr Jordan's "The Heredity of Richard Roe," which means the heredity of any man. It is a book that treats with great clearness the much-talked-of problems of heredity and enviroment; it matches the word of the hour, *Eugenics,* the science of being well born, with *Euthenics,* the science of being well placed.

No other problem has received so much attention at the hands of scholars this year as the problem of internationalism, which is, of course, the problem of peace. Professor Rheinsch's "Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East," Dr. Jayne Hill's "World Organizations," and, still more valuable, the papers on International Racial Problems that were delivered at the Universal Races Congress in London, all show how profoundly the prayer of the world is bringing men together and minimizing if not obliterating the political and race barriers that keep God's children apart.

The Events of the Year

But a truce to the eye-destroying fascinations of the book-table. Let the printed page go.

What have been the events of the year that are fraught with sermon significance? What a turbulent year it has been, in the nation, in the world! How the battle between the pacific and the martial spirit of the race has raged! How disappointing in results! How inspiring in prophecy! Mexico's belligerents wearied of their bayonets before they had done much damage. The same hand that drafted the treaties that would make war well-nigh impossible between at least three of the great nations of the world, also wrote the plea for more war-ships, and directed, so far as lay in his power, the indignity to the future that would trim the Panama Canal, the greatest scientific achievement of the nation, with frowning cannon to rust under tropic suns. The decree that separated church from state in Portugal sees the powers at the Vatican blinking at, if not encouraging, Italy's devastation of Tripoli, and England, disarming the House of Lords and cheering Lloyd George, the great democratic leader of Europe, and in the same year going mad over the antique ceremonial of placing tinsel crowns upon the heads of a mimic king and queen. We see the people of Wales, the land proud of Lloyd-George, making fools of themselves and of an innocent little boy in a mock investiture of a prince who never will have a princedom and who will forever remain a stranger to Carnarvon Castle. Paradoxes continue. On the one hand the vexed fisheries question between Canada and the United States settled by arbitration, Great Britain and Austria-Hungary agreeing to submit questions to the Hague Tribunal, and a new treaty with Japan ratified by the English government; and, on the other hand, the United States Senate has halted the great treaty, and senators are haggling and hesitating in the presence of the great opportunity which is also the great humility of the United States during the year 1911.

The year has been replete with anniversaries. The centennial of the birth of the quaint but virile and radiating Horace Greeley; the tercentennial of the birth of the English Bible; the opening of the great Roosevelt storage dam in Arizona, the largest up to date, which converted counties of sterile land into gardens; the breaking of the Austin dam in Pennsylvania from criminal neglect, destroying a town, thousands of property and scores of lives; the addition of two stars to the galaxy of stars on our flag; the wiping out of the post-office deficit of seventeen millions and more; the installation of Postal Savings Banks,—and they work. These are but a few of the items gleaned from the records of the year, to show how alive the year has been. Not only the nation but the human air has been so electric that lightning strokes and thunder storms have been inevitable.

A careful study of these social disturbances gather around three or four great storm centers, which might be studied under the names of political agitations, economic unrest, the quest of labor, the demand of women, the safety and sanity of the home. Let us bring for a moment these several storm agitations to the altar. What has religion to say on these subjects at the end of 1911?

How humiliating, confusing, disappointing, has been the political turmoil of the year. Still, through the jangling, warring contentions we see the breaking down of parties, the disintegration of the fell forces that combine in the interest of selfishness and personal ambition.

We have watched with blushing faces and humbled spirit the protracted attempt of a senatorial committee to prove that which every sane man already knows, trying to purge the Senate of a scandal by such technicalities as would be needed to save a man from the gallows. We have seen in Wisconsin the open confession of an open-handed profligate investment of over $100,000 to help an old man into the United States Senate, for which he had no intellectual or moral fitness. The committee, but not public sentiment, may justify that distribution of money for the promotion of funerals and picnics and bands, that the will of the people might be blinded by the dollars. The conclusion of the committee may be that the poor old man is to be allowed to remain, an imbecile in the senatorial chair, but never again can a man in Wisconsin or in any other part of this country with such profligate hand insult the intelligence of the American voter.

From the horrible confessions of the McNamaras, all the way to the as yet futile attempts to disarm the high combinations of greed the country is filled with the turbulence of the economic world. The McNamaras have hastened the day when labor will free itself from such scandal and from its ill-advised and ill-motived tyrants, and the difficulties which the government encounters in trying to disarm the combinations of greed are contributions to the argument that combination and not competition is the demand of the day, and that what has worked so well for the emoluments of a few "masters of finance" will work still better when the great neglected partner in the concern is admitted into the combination,—the man who sweats, the man with the hands, along side of those who direct his activities.

The greatest and most significant thing in the realm of political triumph this year, to my mind, is the perfectly sane victory in California fought out at the last court of appeal and settled by the verdict of the ballot box, wherein democracy has again been vindicated. California has offered one more proof that the majority, in the long run, though not infallible, can be trusted beyond any clique. Democracy, more profound and more radical, has made great advances this year, it has triumphed in its very defeats.

The temporary miscarriage, perchance, of the Constitutional efforts in Turkey and Persia; our own failure to meet and advance the brotherhood of states as represented by reciprocity between Canada and the United States,—all point to the coming time when the people will take their destiny into their own hands.

The Initiative, Referendum and Recall are but sign words that indicate the growing consciousness of the people. The people are gradually demonstrating the Lincoln axiom that "You can fool some of the people all the time, you can fool all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." Corrupting influences exist, votes are bought in political circles, you may buy a legislature; you may corrupt a council; but you cannot buy a majority of the people of the state of Illinois or any other state over which the United States flag flies. The Initiative, Referendum and Recall, as I say, are but sign words that indicate the march of civilization to a democracy that trusts itself and can be trusted. The victory in California carried with it in its heart, not on its crest, the triumph of woman at the ballot, and the sanest word on the woman question that has been spoken

this year was spoken by the wise woman of Africa, Alice Schreiner, when she said, "Give us labor, and the training which fits for labor. We demand this, not for ourselves alone. but for the race."

Many years ago Thomas Wentworth Higginson said, "There is too much physiology injected into the woman problem." The higher science, like the nobler wisdom and experience, proves that not passion, but service, lies at the foundation of the home as well as the state. The mating instinct men and women possess in common with the brutes of the field and the birds of the air, but in the march of civilization this becomes a thing to curb, to direct, to utilize, and whenever the well-being of the state calls for it, or whenever the sanctity of the home demands and inspires it, it is a thing to be denied and suppressed. Not the *animal* passions but the *human* sympathies, the enlightened conscience, the stratified experience of all that have gone before, embodied in law and custom and public sentiment, lie at the foundation of the home and of the state.

I have spoken of the year as being electric, turbulent, physically and psychically, but there are vibrant notes to be heard beyond the strain and humiliations and pains of 1911. I stand here and declare my faith that 1912 has been enriched by this turbulent year, that we will move forward to higher and nobler destinies on account of the defeats as well as the triumphs of 1911.

I have reserved until the last the mention of a movement which may prove to be the most significant of the year, the Men and Religion Movement. Quietly but with great persistency this movement is forcing itself into the life of the United States on levels far higher than the old emotional appeal of the revivalists. Slowly the business man is being compelled to recognize that his obligation to religion, organized social religion, is a fundamental and primary one. Just in proportion as this Men and Religion movement is being embodied, in that proportion is the church being lifted out of its weakness and its faithlessness.

Out of this Men and Religion Movement there comes slowly the demand of the business man that the church show cause for being, that it take hold of the problems in hand, and in that demand the business man confesses his own obligation and his own short-coming.

Do I believe in men movements in religion? No. No more than do I believe in the attitude of too many men that delegate the sanctities of the church and the responsibilities of religion to women, no more than do I believe in what threatens to be the twentieth-century debilitation of woman, making her shallow and silly, making her a devotee of cults, cliques, classes and clubs that are not based on permanent realities. For such, unless guarded, is the movement of the women's clubs as carried on today in many sections. The remedy is not in more women's clubs, or more men's organizations, but in tearing down the line that is separating men and women, the co-workers ordained of God. Not until the man and the woman, to whom has been delegated the responsibility of perpetuating the race, upon whom the law places the responsibility of nurturing the child when born, not until these come jointly into the high responsibilities of fostering the spiritual well-being of the child which they have caused to be born into the world, will communities find peace or religions prosper. Not until the demand of morals and religion for co-operation is more profound than the easy, social calls of the great organizations of men and women around separate centers, will the ideal be realized. Herein lies the seed of the disintegration of homes, the demoralization of men and women on one line or another. Men by themselves grow sordid and selfish and indulgent to the palate. If you want a dainty bit at the restaurant, commend me to an expert of the man's club; he knows the refinement of the palate beyond his wife. If you want to see respectable men giving precious hours to the indolence of the pipe and the seductions of the wine cup, commend me to the men who congregate together under the name of clubs.

On the other hand, if you want to see women using first class talent for second class causes, directing holy energies to flippant enjoyment, flattering themselves that they are lifting the world by voting and talking for intellectual things, social well-being, commend me to the women's clubs that count their number by tables. A percentage of the women that rally around these centers are high-minded, and right-minded, and devoted, but an ever-increasing circumference floats with the tide, going along the line of least resistance to the place where respectability can be obtained at the minimum of sacrifice, where enjoyment can be bought intellectually and esthetically with the least investment of study, investigation, independent research or personal self-sacrifice.

This movement of Men and Religion is fraught with great promise in my mind. Since the vocation of the warrior has been taken from man's shoulders by the growth of civilization he has employed his leisure too much in the amassing of material things, but at last he begins to wake to his spiritual inheritance, at last he begins to realize his ethical responsibility, and, in so far as he is awake, it is beginning to dawn upon him that he needs the help of the mother that bore him and the wife that companions him. No longer will consecrated man be content with woman as a toy, as a decoration, as an indulgence, but he will demand of his sister and wife that which God demands of him, an investment of brain, a consecration of purpose and a readiness to bear the burdens of the world that the little ones of God may find life easier and more worth while.

Oh, 1911 has been a great year! Its disasters, its disgraces and its humiliations argue a quickening of the human conscience. Let the mad discontent continue; let the discordant forces rage throughout our realm that thereby the atmosphere may be cleared and men and women see what things are most worth while and follow the same with loyalty.

The old cry of Liberty is an eighteenth century cry. It is outgrown; the cry of today is Service. Not the right to do what I please, but the privilege of working with my neighbor. Every advance of civilization has been a sacrifice of individual liberty. The individualist can realize his dream only as the outlaw from society in the solitude of the desert, or the selfishness of the road. Every time a man steps into the privileges of civilization, into the benignities of the home, he gives up a right, gives up a freedom, confesses an obligation, submits to a demand, and in his submission to the demand of society does he find his larger growth and his nobler development.

So let these books of the year, these movements in politics, these disturbances of society and the discontent at the bottom of homes and communities continue.

They are only storm-signs that Nature is seeking her equilibrium. And in that equilibrium, the springtime, the revival of life, will come. The freshet will pass, but the grass will be the greener. The thunder storm will pass, but the air will be purer, and garden and field and orchard will yield a more abundant harvest.

I hope it is not necessary to bring all this to a practical application here. But O if I could only put before you the unutilized resources, the unreached achievements, the things that might be done by the men and women in this presence if they would but strike hands as at a wedding altar and so give themselves to this cause. What splendid achievements would be recorded for 1912! Men and women, vow yourselves to love, pledge yourselves to cherish and protect one another, till death do you part, then your common tasks will become your common privileges. Marriage itself is a delusion if it is sought as an ecstasy. Marriage is discipline; marriage is toil; it is the opportunity to suffer, the opportunity to sacrifice, and only those who are wedded for this purpose know the peace of the marriage bond and the power of the home.

Men and women of All Souls Church, men and women who delight in the shadows of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, in these closing hours of 1911 you are called upon to face the great opportunities of 1912. Will we be recreant to our opportunities, disloyal to the cause, blind to the heavenly vision without which the individual as well as the home and the state fails?

Abdul Baha on the War in Tripoli

Through personal channels, the following notes on some recent utterances of Abdul Baha, the beloved "Master" of the Bahais, have come to hand. They will be read with sympathetic interest by all peace lovers and workers. It must be understood that they are simply notes taken by one of his hearers in Paris, Mrs. Mary Hanford Ford, not a verbatim report.

"I am not happy this morning. I am full of sadness. The news which the paper brought us this morning was such as must fill one with anguish.

"Animals fight, and when they fight it is for a cause, an end to be gained. Men are fighting now—for what? For the ground, our sepulcher, our tomb, our cemetery!

"The earth is the first and lowest of terrestrial things created by the Divine Will—and it is our tomb, our sepulcher, our cemetery, our death, not our life, and these men are fighting not for liberty, or an ideal, but for ground, for the place of death, not life, for a sepulcher, a tomb, a cemetery!

"God has never forgotten the world, and no matter how black have been its conditions, there have always been societies established for the cherishing of love and equality and fraternity.

"You are a people banded together to increase friendship among nations and races, and brotherhood among men. So now while these men are creating death, you think life; while they are guilty of cruelty, you think tenderness; while they make destruction you think construction; while they create war, you think peace.

"We must hope, we must hope, we must not despair. We must look forward to the time when war and dissension will disappear, when love and unity will reign and the light of God will shine upon all banners and into all hearts and unite them to one another and to Him.

"There has been another battle to-day and much blood has been shed. The poor have given their lives as a sacrifice to the greed of others. Men are fighting for the earth—for land—and it belongs to no one but God. Kings have fought for it from Charlemagne to Napoleon I, yet they have no right to it. One fought wrongfully to wrest it from another who wrongfully possessed it. All people are merely tenants of God upon one land, yet, nevertheless, empires have disappeared in the struggle for its possession, and again men are shedding blood for that ownership of mere land.

"While man might become a centre for good, for unity, he fights like ferocious beasts for the right of land. God wishes men to establish just equality, not to transgress laws; to help one another and live together in love. Do what God asks, be the cause of unity and peace; wipe out the horrors of war and hatred. Be ye capable of all good, eager to work for the cause of unity and peace, sacrificing all for this. Be eager to suffer for such an end; forget yourself, forget personal danger, personal evil and inconvenience. Have no fear of evil to yourself in the great cause of unity and peace. Be dissolved in love, so that you may lose consciousness of everything except the good of all."

The Social Problem

All intelligent men and women who have the feeling of humanity within them, must see the sad and terrible facts which confront us. When I was in Pittsburg a few weeks ago, a gentleman, pointing to the crowds of men on the street, said to me: "Those men have only two to four days' work in the week." And I thought, with what fear and trembling they must look forward to the coming of the cold winter. Mr. Batchelor said recently that he was impressed by the fact that "there were so many well-dressed people on the streets of Boston." True, but nevertheless, in our cities and towns there are millions of the poor who live in filthy tenements, millions of children underfed, scantily clothed, diseased and verminous, and millions of women doomed to incessant and often debasing toil. And more than this, there is the gradual but sure extinction of our noble middle class, who are transformed into clerks, salesmen, servants of the big corporations, department stores, trusts and the like. Indeed, these men in general furnish the brains, skill, and enterprise of these big businesses, from which they only receive their often insufficient salaries.

Now where shall help come for these sad conditions? From the churches? They fear change and are intrenched in privilege and tradition. From Socialism? The Socialists aver that, when Socialism is inaugurated, the wage-workers will have the profits that now go to the trusts, that all the people will not only live comfortably but luxuriously, that the State will provide for all as the parent for the child.

But the work of the world must be done, crops raised, meals cooked, dishes and clothes washed, streets cleaned, sewers dug, garbage disposed of, in short, all the hard and filthy work incident to civilization. Who will do this work and what inducement will be given to those who do it? There are always

the idlers, the shirks, the vast army of the incompetent. We see everywhere, alas, so many not fitted for the higher forms of effort and responsibility, whose ideals are entirely earthly. It is their habit to sacrifice permanent benefit for immediate ease. What will Socialism do with these? Now I believe in trades unions. Yet I see how they seek higher wages, and shorter hours, rather than aim to increase the efficiency of the workers. Indeed they intimate to those who do more and better work that they do this at their peril.

Now I would ask the Socialist, Is there any better way to alleviate the terrible conditions about us than that of education, the spreading of juster ideas? The state, the city, the town can step in and make better conditions, as does for example the city of Glasgow, and in the mean time the education of the people can go on through the pulpit, the press and the university. When spring comes every bush and dead bank feels the thrill and begins to clothe itself in living green. And we must make an industrial spring by noble living and high thinking. I have been urging that the next step in religion must be an intellectual one, and truth-seeking supplant the love of wealth-making.

Why should not all Liberals in religion unite in demanding that taxes shall be lower and made equal, that all privilege shall be abolished and every avenue open to all, that every one shall do his share of the work, and everyone shall have a place to work, and that every worker shall receive a sufficient wage to furnish him with good food, good clothes, and a good house in which to live?

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

Some First Class Books

President King, of Oberlin College, has expanded a paper that he read before the Religious Educational Association into one of the most important books of recent issues. The title of the book is "The Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times,"—that is the guiding principle in human development, including reverence for personality. There is some bottom thinking in this book, and that is rare in our religious publications. He is getting at some matters that must be thoroughly worked out and comprehended by our religious leaders and by our legislators. He follows Marshall in seeing the very close co-relation of religious and economic affairs. Read his last chapter four or five times over. You will probably not entirely agree with some of his statements of the problem. This, however, we must all conclude, that the most important thing just now is for the church to reorganize itself up to the times. Legislation and religious aspiration must ultimately go hand in hand. Rightness and righteousness must be very nearly synonymous. I do not exactly know how to review this book, only to say that it is one of the workshop volumes.

"Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, is another volume of life and spirit, and it goes down to touch the core of the matter. I should like to quote the chapter on "The Triumph and Decadence of Capitalism." It is written in defense of Labor, but it is sane and safe. It is one of the books that must be written and must be read. It is charged as strongly with Socialism as the book by Dr. King is charged with individualism. The two books should go together, and be read together. They are both published by the Macmillans.

From the Putnams I get a volume entitled "Star Lore of All Ages," by the author of "A Field Book of the Stars." It is exceedingly interesting, and brings us into a cordial social relationship to our earlier parents along lines of romance and reality combined. They naturally were wonderful students of the heavens overhead. They knew more of the stars than they did of the earth. We must not know so much of the earth as to lose our power to wing our way through the heavens,—we who pray as Jesus prayed, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in the heavens." The illustrations are fine, and the discussions are exceedingly attractive to students. I do not know a better book to give to a young student of astronomy to prevent his study from becoming too rigidly scientific.

From the same house I get two books for young people. One of them is "Stories of the Republic," written by Roosevelt, Putnam, Noah Brooks, George O. Trevelyan and others. This is a capital book for young folk,—it is first rate. It gives us the story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, of the Youth of Abraham Lincoln, the Story of the Battle of Gettysburg, with Lincoln's Address, and other tales of patriotism and manhood. The other volume is "Stories That Grandmother Knew," and these are selections from Catherine Sinclair, Jean Ingelow, Oliver Goldsmith and others. It includes that ideal story, "The Little Merchants."

E. P. POWELL.

What Unitarians Believe

A TRUE STORY

A little girl belonging to a Unitarian Sunday-school in one of the towns of Massachusetts was assailed by her schoolmates, zealous Orthodox children, as to her belief. Said one, "You don't believe in Christ, you Unitarians."

"Oh, yes, we do, we believe in Christ."

"But you don't believe in his divinity."

"Yes we do, but we believe in your divinity and in my divinity, too."

"Oh, yes, we believe in the Bible—we believe in all Bibles."

"But you don't believe in the Bible."

"Well, we think God knows so much better than we do, that we don't think it necessary to ask him for things, but we do believe in thanking him."

At last one spoke up, "But you don't believe in God," and then the overstrained child, bursting into tears, sobbed, "Oh, yes we do, we don't believe in anything else."—*The Unitarian Advance.*

A SHABBY LITTLE ROOM

In this shabby little room
With its cheaply papered walls,
You do wonder, I presume,
How I live whom Beauty calls?

Does the bird, pray, mind the bough
Whence he springs unto the sky,
Be it bare or flowered or how—
Then why any more should I?

Would you Beauty create—Art—
Prison once or fix it well,
In a palace keep your heart,
But—mind—very humbly dwell.

—*Edna Worthley Underwood.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A JURYMAN AMONG WOMEN.

A jury composed of American women, one gallant writer has said, should be fair enough at any rate, and Mr. Putnam Field, of San Diego, California, takes pains to second this point of view. In fact, he goes so far as to write a letter to the Springfield *Republican* about it, giving his recent experiences in San Diego as a "juryman among women." Says Mr. Field:

I was summoned to act on a jury in the police court, and when the jury was made up we had three women and nine men—the first time a woman had been on a jury in this county. In making up the jury the defendant's counsel had been very rigid in his examination, but the answers to his questions had been such as to prevent his challenging but one woman—the apparent reason in her case was that she belonged to the Young Women's Christian Association.

The case was a prisoner charged with having to do with the management of a club which was a resort for gambling and drinking. Three witnesses were called to establish the fact of the resort, but said nothing to implicate the accused, except that he was usually there and sometimes gambling. A stool pigeon was put on the stand. He said he was employed by the police to visit the place and get evidence on which to found complaint. He was accepted as a member of the club, and his membership card was signed by the accused as secretary. He was there many times, and once saw accused sell chips and take the money, and once saw him take up the "kitty."

The women gave particular attention to the evidence. On retiring, the jury elected one of the women as foreman. She took the chair, and, with the judge's charge in hand, showed that she was master of the conditions. On the first ballot there were seven, including the three women, who voted guilty, and five not guilty.

From five 'clock p. m. to nine that jury was busy talking; two of the women said that their natural desire was not to convict, but that they could not believe that the secretary of the club was not implicated in the managing of it, and continued to vote guilty with the same four. The secretary question was the deciding point. The judge was called in and the jury reported, and he asked if they desired further instructions. The matter was explained, and he gave instruction that the fact of the accused being secretary was not sufficient in itself to convict, when the seven changed their vote to not guilty.

During the time of deliberating the women showed more familiarity with the evidence than the men and a desire to have every point understood, and none were sooner to change their vote when the judge gave the final instruction.

At the recent election I voted against the women being made voters, but from my experience I am convinced that they made better and more desirable jurors than the average men.—*Literary Digest.*

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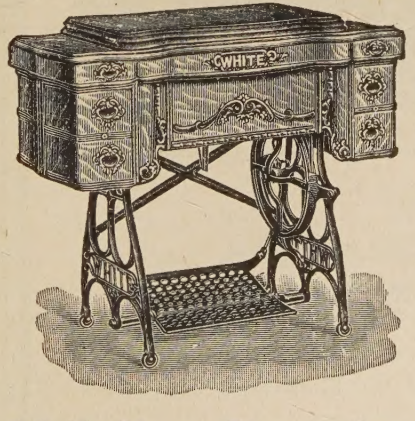

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